

WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?

A PAGE OF REAL NEWS

EVENING WORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS

A PAGE WORTH READING

MANHATTAN

COUNTY FAIR IN YORKVILLE.

The speed with which the average New York youngster grasps a money-making proposition has been illustrated the past few days in the Yorkville section. Recently a carnival and street fair was held in East End Avenue and along with the carousel and the Ferris wheel and other standard attractions there were booths where, if you spent a few dollars—and were lucky—you might win a 50-cent kewpie doll and a box of candy. The carnival was no sooner over and gone than enterprising youngsters were doing a thriving business with home-made imitations. Yesterday, while walking along 86th Street between Avenue A and First Avenue, I saw at least ten of these games in operation. I stopped before one where a lad was throwing an arrow at a board. On this board were colored papers about the size of postage stamps and about three inches apart. He was given three throws for a cent. If the arrow stuck on one of the colored papers he won a prize. Among the prizes I saw a small rubber ball, a jack-knife and a police whistle.—T. J. Healy, No. 92 East End Avenue.

SPECIAL.

On Morningside Drive I saw a progressive hot dog peddler. Instead of the usual cart, this man had his wares conveyed on a made-over motorcycle, which permitted him to reach good business locations during different parts of the day in record time.—JAMES LOSCO, New York.

TWO IN THE SHADE.

It was hot and I saw a fashionably dressed, extraordinarily stout woman walking along Riverside Drive carrying a beautiful parasol which bespoke further of the great elegance this woman evidently felt. She moved along regally, but she was part of an amusing picture, for behind her walked two ragged, farcical, grinning urchins enjoying the shade which her large figure cast on the sidewalk.—James Shaw, No. 2860 Eighth Avenue.

FACT.

In Central Park West below 110th Street I saw three young fellows crossing the highway together. As they were stepping up to the curb one of them was observed carefully to side-step the sewer covering. "Any one who steps directly over a sewer, he said, 'will not be married within the year.'"—Joseph W. Smith, No. 122 East 117th Street.

"CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?"

In the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, at 8.30 o'clock this morning, I was surprised to note the number of men wearing overcoats. What about the coal strike and overcoats in August, it looks to me as if we were in for an old-fashioned winter.—Wendy Donlon, No. 233 West 58th Street.

THE MARKET.

On the six-shoe block on Rivington and Allen and Clinton Streets on Rivington Street I counted to-day 188 pushcarts as follows: Selling old cloth, 2; underwear, 3; hats, 2; dolls, 1; delicatessen, 2; socks, 2; hot corn, 5; pickles and tomatoes, 2; watermelons, 4; lemons, 2; trousers and overalls, 3; cotton goods, 6; valises, 2; belts, 3; hot dogs, 6; fruit, 12; hardware, 5; shoes, 6; collars and ties, 4; soap, 2; the gentlest many passengers arose to see the six big wheelmen in the boat of a passing fisherman. I saw a Chinese man down there. Chinese were busy in the fields. One carried two watering cans suspended from a long pole across both shoulders. I thought this a primitive method in these modern times.—B. Kamsker, No. 421 East 19th Street.

WHEN GEORGE III. WAS KING.

In John Street near Broadway I copied the following inscription from a bronze tablet: "Near this site was located the John Street Theatre, 1767-1778. During the Revolution the city was occupied by General Howe's troops. British army officers took part as players and play-wrights. Here, on April 18, 1787, was presented Royall Tyler's play, 'The Contrast,' the first comedy by a native author produced in America. Washington, when President and a resident of New York City, frequently attended the John Street Theatre. Erected by the Maiden Lane Historical Society, 1921."—George Little, No. 232 West 132d Street.

EN ROUTE TO ROCKAWAY.

Going to Rockaway Beach on a Long Island Railroad car, I saw the bulk of a large boat on fire in Jamaica Bay. In the evening it was still burning, almost down to the water's edge. As we passed over the trestle many passengers arose to see the six big wheelmen in the boat of a passing fisherman. I saw a Chinese man down there. Chinese were busy in the fields. One carried two watering cans suspended from a long pole across both shoulders. I thought this a primitive method in these modern times.—B. Kamsker, No. 421 East 19th Street.

WHITE MAN.

Such items as the "Beggars Prince," reported in last Friday's "What Did You See To-Day?" helps to renew one's faith in humanity and encourages one to look for the better side of our every day life. In such a spirit I walked through 35th Street and saw standing at the curb a five-passenger touring car. I think a Hudson. Suddenly the fender of the car was struck by a "cream-puff" by a Dodge, and I saw the driver of the Dodge get out and search everywhere in the neighborhood for the owner of the Hudson. Unable to find the owner, he took a card from his pocket, wrote on the back of it: "I am responsible for the injury to your fender, and I will repair it at once." He returned to his own car again and drove away.—H. A. M., University Avenue.

FATHER! WILL YOU LISTEN TO THIS?

I saw a little boy holding fast to the tailboard of a big motor truck that was traveling at a lively pace. He was sliding along nicely on his shoes. I bet his mother would give him a good scolding if she knew why his shoes were out so quickly.—Joseph Gilgrip, Jr., No. 436 West 24th Street.

ONE KIND OF FAN.

While attending the game between the Yanks and Chicago yesterday I sat behind first base in the lower stand. Four young fellows, in age around twenty, sat at my right. When Babe Ruth hit a homer in the first inning they went daft. When, on his next appearance at bat, he struck out they gave him a terrible razing. But when in the ninth inning the Bambino clouted his second homer, I thought they would have to be rushed to the psychiatric ward in death-defying ambulances. They were among the first ones to jump over on to the field and jog around the bases with him, patting him on the back and so forth. I was immediately ahead of them coming out at the Eighth Avenue gate and I heard one of them say, "That was a lucky hit for the big bum, at that."—H. Black, care of New York Edison Company, No. 149 East 64th Street.

RAY FOR THE GOOD COP!

On 6th Street, between First Avenue and Avenue A, is a juvenile street car-stop the seven-seater. Any one who steps directly over a sewer, he said, "will not be married within the year."—Joseph W. Smith, No. 122 East 117th Street.

A PATRON OF THE ARTS.

In a little shoe shine shop on Christopher Street, patronized by the people of Greenwich Village, I saw some excellent crayon and charcoal drawings of a modern artist instead of the usual hideous lithographs and cheap chromos one usually sees in such places. My cellars and the patrons of the place.—Edna Braden, No. 7 Fifth Avenue.

BURDEN BEARER.

To-day a little girl came to my apartment. She was a sweet, pitiful face. On her arm she carried a basket containing a large assortment of pin cushions. The price was 25 cents. She had one, she smiled. "My father is paralyzed and my mother is sick." She told me her mother made them and that she canvassed the apartment houses for sales, sometimes selling as many as a dozen, on which there was a profit of 15 cents each.—T. L. M., No. 432 Riverside Drive.

BRING YOUR OWN TOWELS.

I was one of about twenty passengers yesterday on car No. 1163 of the Hudson line B line traveling west on 14th Street when the fares on the north side of the car, of whom I was one, were furnished a generous shower bath from a fire hydrant manned by some neatly dressed boys. One of the patrons suggested to Conductor No. 1245 that the company should make showers in their showers, and No. 1245 replied: "We are the only surface line furnishing its patrons with a shower bath. What do you say to a shower?"—Patrick Healy, No. 24 Morton Street, New York.

RAFFLES?

This morning at 7 A. M. on Madison Avenue I saw a man in evening dress, smoking a cigar and carrying a long step-ladder.—Marle Gabren, No. 108 East 91st Street.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

In 45th Street to-day I saw a tramp sitting on the curb reading a paper very intently. Curious to see what interested him so, I peered over his shoulder and saw he was reading a magazine devoted to "Society."—L. Devine, No. 1 West 58th Street.

POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION.

I saw a florist and a young woman talking to-day in Broadway department store and heard him say she would have to show something to identify herself before a package could be delivered to her. Immediately the young woman produced a police record card for automobiles. The package was delivered promptly.—M. W., No. 140 West 118th Street.

EVEN STEPHEN.

At Avenue C and Fourth Street to-day I saw a woman buying potatoes from a peddler. As he stooped to get a bag she quickly added some more potatoes to her pile. At the same time she dropped some change and as she reached down to pick it up the peddler took some potatoes from her pile. Neither of them knew what the other had done.—Harriet Shonley, No. 309 East Fourth Street.

SAY IT WITH COAL.

In a shop window on 42d Street to-day I saw this sign: "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early."—Margaret Lunan, No. 232 East 53d Street.

OUR LANDLORD IS A JOVIAL SOUL.

I was looking over the menu in a little restaurant near Broadway and 104th Street and came across the following announcement: "No extra charge for food tea or coffee." On this the year 1922.—D. B. Plisk, No. 160 West 104th Street.

REPORTED BY EVENING WORLD READERS

TO make this news feature even more entertaining and interesting Special Prizes are to be awarded Daily and Weekly. One Dollar is paid for every item printed; the prizes are in addition. Send them to "What Did You See?" Editor, Evening World, Post Office Box 185, City Hall Station. WRITE ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

Tell your story, if possible, in not more than 125 words. State where the thing written about took place. Write your own name and address carefully and in full. Checks are mailed daily.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

If you witness a serious accident, the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, telephone Beekman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

DAILY PRIZES:

For the best stories each day: First Prize, \$25; second prize, \$10; third prize, \$5. Ten prizes of \$2 each for ten next best stories.

WEEKLY PRIZES:

Capital prizes for best stories of week distributed among daily prize winners as follows: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; fourth prize, \$10.

OUT OF TOWN.

"IT'S SO HARD," SHE SAYS, "TO BE ALL ALONE."

For three days our hen sat on her nest waiting for some one to place eggs under her so that she might incubate them. We tried in vain to break her of wanting to sit and finally shut her out of the hen house. I watched her, and to my surprise saw her go from one brood hen to another, clucking, clucking, and was soon little chicks from their mothers. This was yesterday. To-day I saw that she had eleven little chicks, for which she is busy scratching and happy as a hen can be.—C. M. Legg, Briele, N. J.

GOSH!

In the country near Chatham, N. J., to-day we saw a turkey gobbler sitting on a setting of hen eggs. The farmer told us the gobbler had displaced the hen after she had been sitting for two weeks and had taken possession. He clucked and ruffled his feathers if any one approached and he leaves the nest only for a few moments to get food.—Mrs. H. E. Burgey, No. 124 Bigelow Street, Newark, N. J.

POOR FISH!

Last night about at Blue Point on the Great South Bay we saw the lights of an automobile playing steadily on the edge of the water. We investigated and saw a man with his trousers rolled to his knees. We watched awhile and he was catching fish with his bare hands. He said the light attracted the fish and then blinded them, making them easy to capture. He caught six while we were there.—Annella Montemore, No. 55 East Union Street, Bay Shore, N. Y.

CIVIC VIRTUE, BROX VISION.

Up in the Bronx 16th and 168th Streets cross and form a triangle with University Avenue. Once this triangle was used as a dump for junk and garbage. Weeds grew there and the place was an eyesore. Now, however, since residents of the neighborhood have cleaned up the mess and seeded the soil with grass, it is a pleasant playground for children. A few large boulders have been left for seats and tables. And to-day I saw several men there moving the grass and picking up papers to keep it attractive.—Johnnes E. Howay, Katonah, N. Y.

PLEASE RUSH PICTURE.

I saw a picture of a diamond Spring Hotel at Denzville, N. J., to-day refuse a tip. I heard her say, "I don't want a tip for doing that little thing."—Miss G. Schutk, Denzville, N. J.

TOPIC OF THE DAY.

A train of about forty cars of coal passed the station where I am ticket agent for the C. & R. of N. J. Immediately a number of passengers waiting on the platform came in to ask me where the coal was from and where it was going. At the same time the coal strike.—F. S. S., Highlands, N. J.

THE INNOCENT.

This morning while attending service in a church at Bound Brook, N. J., I saw a girl of seven or eight years of age walk calmly down the aisle carrying a Sunday paper. She slipped into the aisle and the paper, took out the comic section and began reading, entirely oblivious to her surroundings. The clergyman continued to preach, while the congregation smiled and the child read on.—Mrs. Jesse Conover, Whitehouse Station, N. J.

FAIR ENOUGH.

A new ice plant was erected recently in East Rutherford, N. J. The front of the building faces Winter Place, while the rear opens on Summer Street.—Mrs. R. R. Shorpe, No. 71 Ames Avenue, Rutherford, N. J.

ROMANY RYE.

On the Jamaica railway platform to-day I saw a woman carrying a child. The baby was in a sort of sling which hung from the woman's shoulder and under her right arm. The child's head rested against its mother's arm. In her other arm she carried a large package and in her right hand she held an umbrella, which shaded the child from the sun.—Bertha H. Block, No. 100 S. Park Avenue, Rockville Centre, L. I.

QUEEN-PIN.

I saw a six-year-old girl howling on an Asbury Park Alley. Her father, who was a very poor man, was acting as an instructor for the youngsters. She used a miniature composition ball evidently made to fit her small fingers. In three games she averaged scores of seventy, and what was more remarkable she had mastered the system of scoring and was keeping the tally for both her father and herself.—W. C. Mount Vernon, N. Y.

B R O N X .

HOW TO REDUCE; WITHOUT DRUGS OR DIET.

Why stay fat? On the subway platform at 110th Street and Lenox Avenue there is one of those "guess your weight" scales. The theory is that if you name your own weight your penny will be returned to you. I stepped onto these scales to-day, turned the red indicator to 190, dropped in my coin and watched the machine register my weight as 186 pounds. Having still a little time I decided to test the machine's accuracy and honesty. I tried again and with "inside information," as you might say, I "guessed" that my weight was 186. Imagine my surprise when this time the machine reported my weight as 185 pounds. I laughed. I decided to try again. I placed the red indicator at 185 and invested my third penny. The automaton promptly declared that I weighed 184. If my supply of pennies was not exhausted just as the train pulled in I feel sure that at this minute I should be standing before you a svelte gentleman of 120 pounds.—M. Barshak, M. D., No. 952 Aldus Street.

HOT!

I saw a load of coal dumped yesterday afternoon on the sidewalk in front of No. 1071 Boston Road. To-day at noon I saw that it was still there without a single lump apparently taken away, despite the shortage all about.—M. Harrett, No. 1059 Boston Road, Bronx.

THE HILL.

The narrow street slopes sharply. The tall houses on either side are balconied and many windows of about forty feet in height, with one tiny boat rocking on its surface. Out there seaulls wheel in the sunshine. Here in the silent street the seasons fly from shadow to light, from light to shadow. They are the only signs of life in this street. Solitude does any vehicle so down this highway. Between the cracks of the granite pavement the grass is growing thickly. It is quiet, remote, absorbing. Where are we? In some deserted street of old France or Italy? Oh, no! 142d Street, between Broadway and Riverside Drive.—Catherine Persons, No. 2276 Creston Avenue, Bronx.

NATIONALS.

At Kingsbridge Road and Sedgwick Avenue, in a large field with a beautiful red brick building in the background, I saw a baseball game, enthusiastically played and cheerfully witnessed. I inquired who was playing, and learned the teams and the spectators were considerable. There he was, riding up and down the street in a "Veterans" Hospital car, which was the large building in the rear.—Jacob Kaufman, No. 1623 Eastburn Avenue, Bronx.

ACROSS THE STEPPES OF MORRIS AVENUE.

Having ordered a chicken from the butcher I waited patiently for an hour and then, thinking the butcher's boy might be loitering, I went to the window. There he was, riding up and down on a bicycle, to the handle bars of which I saw fastened my chicken. Two big dogs were chasing him and barking wildly. Part of the paper-bag covering I saw had been torn from the chicken. I saw that the boy was frightened. I took a broom and went to the rescue. There he was, riding up and down the street I managed to chase the dogs away. The poor boy was quite exhausted. He told me he had been afraid to stop.—Mrs. L. Dillon, No. 2163 Morris Avenue, Bronx.

HALL OF FAME.

In a window at the corner of Fordham Road and Creston Avenue I saw a card announcing "Fordham Flappers, \$1.00 Each." Approaching for a closer look I saw a display of little marble-dusted statues depicting the much-discussed American Girl of To-day.—Sadie L. Lindfeld, No. 2735 Sedgwick Avenue, Bronx.

Yesterday's Special Prizes

First Prize, \$25

MRS. FAY LINDO, No. 321 Davis Avenue, Arlington, N. J.

Second Prize, \$10

RENE LENTZ, No. 521 West 134th Street.

Third Prize, \$5

R. BROAD, No. 7890 East 23d Street, Sheepshead Bay.

Ten Prizes of \$2 Each

LILIAN ANDREWSKI, No. 425 West 114th Street.

DENNIS HETHERMAN, No. 1025 Lexington Avenue.

MRS. IDA TAUB, No. 522 East 142d Street.

RUTH BEINER, No. 53 West 112th Street.

W. D. W., Grant City, S. I.

H. M. WARREN, No. 260 75th Street, Brooklyn.

F. M. KANE, No. 19 Halleck Avenue, Brooklyn.

R. E. No. 1715 Park Avenue, Brooklyn.

F. HURTNOLE, No. 103 Maurice Avenue, Elmhurst.

WILLIAM J. DOLAN, No. 74 North Beach 101st Street, Rockaway Beach.

Read to-day's stories. Pick the ones you think are best.

Winners will be announced in this evening's Night Plotter (Green Sheet) edition and in other editions to-morrow.

WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?

QUEENS

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE!"

Southbound traffic in Seventh Avenue at 44th Street was halted on Saturday afternoon and the sidewalk crowds observed a touring car had overshot the crossing mark by a good twenty feet. This did not escape the vigilant eye of the "pedestrian preserver" in the centre of the square, and a blast from his whistle, accompanied by a suggestive nod of his head, directed the offending chauffeur to turn in to the curb, there to await the threatened "ticket." Crosstown vehicles having received the high sign, the interpreter of red, white and green signals reached inside his blouse for the pad of court invitations and started for the car, to deliver it together with the customary lecture. As his eyes rested upon the occupants of the tonneau, however, he saw at once the reason for the unusually large crowd of spectators. His stern look vanished. He grinned. He stepped up to the car and for the minute that was all he could spare spoke in cheerful and friendly manner to the young people. Then he waved his hand, the car speeded away and we saw that forty pairs of old shoes were fastened to the back of the machine, together with a rather well executed "Just Married" sign. It isn't quite the thing to give three cheers on the street for one of the town constables, but one and all of us who witnessed this incident proclaimed, and will continue to proclaim, its star actor as one of the finest police in the world!—Thomas C. Daniels, No. 109A Judge Street, Elmhurst.

PUSHCART DE LUXE.

The Ford appears to be stealing a long march on the pushcart and the sidewalk peddler. A few steps from Broadway in Murray Street, at noon, I saw a Ford sedan parked at the curb, noted that the windows were down and saw a rainbow of knitted neckwear on display. At the front and rear of the car signs were shown telling the prices. One man sat inside, probably to cover the traffic regulations, while the other was outside gathering in the coin.—W. C. Lorenze, No. 61 Dennington Avenue, Woodhurst.

SET 'EM UP AGAIN.

I stepped into a converted saloon at the corner of Cleveland and Fulton Streets, Brooklyn, where to-day only light beverages and food are sold. And I saw over the bar (for counter, if you please) this hopeful message: "Our prettiest glory is not in never falling, but in rising after we fall."—L. W. C., Woodhurst.

HOW THE MONEY POURS OUT.

I stepped into a telephone booth at the Pennsylvania Station to call up a friend. Not getting an answer I asked the operator to return my nickel. Twenty-one nickels fell out of the slot. No. 527 Beach 72d Street, Arverne, L. I.

VAMPED BY A BILLBOARD QUEEN.

Opposite my bedroom window is an immense billboard. I have been ill for some time and about every week or so I see the bill-posters come and put up something new. As a rule, the exhibit is far from entertaining, restful or encouraging, and I have always been afraid that some fine day, sooner or later, they would plaster there the picture of a silver-handled casket and the attractive price list of some "bargain" funeral outfit. To-day, however, I discovered that the new poster is built around the picture of a truly beautiful girl. (I think the commodity is a toilet soap.) I cannot keep my eyes off her. I like her better every time I look at her. I believe I already know her features better than she does. I love I am much better this evening.—Michael Pette, No. 4 Fleming Place, Jamaica.

RICHMOND

SHE SMILED THROUGH IT ALL.

A mother with her four children, among the passengers last night on the 8.50 o'clock boat from Staten Island to Manhattan, displayed the patience of Job. Homeward bound from some of the beaches, I judged, the tired children were stretched out asleep, in various poses. When the time came to arouse them she first straightened up Johnny. Then she turned her attention to Frankie. Meanwhile, Johnny had fallen back again against his eldest brother. She woke John and the eldest at the same time and turned to find that Frank had gone back to Dreamland. Then she tried to awaken Peggy, but Peg was too far gone to mind a gentle shaking and mother devoted all her attention to the three boys, all of whom now appeared to be petrified. So it continued, one up and two or three down, amid the amused but kindly smiles of other passengers. When we docked, finally, the good woman had the four of them on their feet, but Miss Peggy's eyes were still tightly sealed. Careworn, I thought, and tired looking, Mother smiled through it all.—J. Cartwright, No. 138 St. Paul's Avenue, Tompkinsville, Staten Island.

A GENTLEMAN AND HIS DOG.

While roaming through the woods yesterday a few miles from my home I came upon a queer old house. Years ago it was apparently quite a mansion of red brick entirely covered with ivy, which still lived to hide some of the broken ugly spots in the brick work. I peeped through a window and saw a beautiful drawing room, once exquisitely decorated but now in ruins. Half of the roof had fallen in. Under the good half lives a man and a dog. He shuns everyone, I am told, and is never seen outside of the fringe of woods which surrounds his home.—Pauline D. Walker, No. 131 Colfax Avenue, Grant City, Staten Island.

SWIMMING ACROSS A CITY STREET.

I went to the Bronx this evening on business and near the corner of East 108th Street and Second Avenue, on my way, saw that some one had turned on a street hydrant and, as the sewer appeared to be obstructed, the street was nearly half a block east of the avenue looked like a small lake. One Hundred and Eighth Street is steeply graded in the direction of the avenue, where it rises again and so forms a sort of pocket. The children, rising to the occasion, as is their way, were out in bathing suits. One tiny fellow actually tried to swim across the street. The muddy water covered him so completely that only his head was visible.—Richard A. Hoffman, No. 69 Bay View Avenue, Roschank, Staten Island.

BROOKLYN

"TELL-TALE, TATTLETAIL."

On my cousin's farm I saw a most intelligent cow they called "Old Grof." One evening as we were sitting down to supper we heard "Old Grof" moaning and moaning. My cousin said that something was wrong, as "Old Grof" always signalled that way when any of the cows were in mischief. We went down to the pasture, and, sure enough, there stood faithful "Old Grof" moaning a broken fence while all the other cows were feeding in the cornfield.—Mrs. H. Packard, No. 7098 Fort Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn.

SAY NOTHING BUT SAW WOOD.

I was waiting at the corner of Nassau Avenue and a Graham Avenue car when an elderly woman and a young girl came along and stood quite near me to wait for the same car. It appeared that the young girl was going out to her first employment as a domestic. I overheard the elderly woman say: "Now, Mary, remember to write often and let us know exactly how you are getting along. And above everything else, remember my advice: Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open."—Elizabeth Holt, No. 59 Newen Street, Ellipsburgh, Brooklyn.

PROPERLY "BRUNG" UP.

I was driving through Ocean Avenue to-day in my Ford and at Avenue M I saw a number of children playing in the street. I blew my horn and slowed down. Three of the youngsters ran across the street in front of the car, but one went straight with a winner. I saw a number of children playing in the street. I blew my horn and slowed down. Three of the youngsters ran across the street in front of the car, but one went straight with a winner. I saw a number of children playing in the street. I blew my horn and slowed down. Three of the youngsters ran across the street in front of the car, but one went straight with a winner.

FROM FREE CUBA.

I saw for the first time a Cuban automobile. On its number plate was "Havana-Cuba-72."—Margaret French, No. 507 East 33d Street, Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN.

THE THRILL THAT COMES ONCE IN A CENTURY.

An ambulance was called for a man who had fallen unconscious in Wilson Avenue. The policeman inquired if any one in the crowd knew where the man lived. "I do," said one little girl. "Take us there," the policeman said to her. She climbed up onto the driver's seat and, just as the ambulance was starting, spied a little friend at the crossing. "Tessie!" she screamed. "Goo, hoo! See where I am!"—Mrs. Marguerite Farje, No. 202 Monahan Street, Brooklyn.

UPSETTING "NO BATHING" RULE.

I decided to go to Oriental Point for a dip and to my great surprise learned that bathing there has been prohibited. There were plenty of canoeists and would-be bathers about, but there also were many police officers, each supplied with "tickets" inviting bathers to call upon the Police Captain. I saw five men set out in a canoe that probably was built for two persons. Not far from shore their frail craft just naturally capsized and the men began yelling for "Help! Help! Help!" Everybody—the whole crowd—offered assistance. The policemen walked away. I heard one officer say, "You can't beat them."—H. M. La Saue, No. 8 South Elliott Place, Brooklyn.

SAY IT WITH THE COAL HOD.

I saw people at the beach wearing two or more sweaters. I saw shades drawn in order to ward off the chilly winds. I saw men wearing their vests for the first time in months and buttoning their coats around them. I saw women wearing heavy coats while they waited in the theatre lobby to get tickets for the movies. And I missed the familiar spectacle of people sitting out on the stoops fanning themselves and telling each other how much they wished for a breath of winter.—Herbert T. Allen, No. 553 Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn.

OLD STAND; NEW STOCK.

While sitting in Bronx Park, near the Boston Road entrance, I was attracted by the glaring colors of about forty flat-topped balloons, floating in the breeze and suspended from strings held by an aged vendor. A golden-haired little girl stepped up to buy one. When she indicated the crimson colored toy of her fancy, the old man separated it from his companions and handed it to her. While he was making change he looked how lost his grip of his stock in trade and we saw the balloons mount skyward. He watched them hopefully. "I saw him walk down the road and out of the park." Within the hour he was back again, with a new supply of balloons.—John A. Mulcahey, No. 2985 Washington Avenue, Bronx.

POSITIVELY A FAREWELL APPEARANCE.

While waiting for a friend this evening at the subway station near my home I saw a little boy of twelve who had been selling flowers and who now, having only one bunch left, was crying. "Flowers! Last bunch! Only 10 cents!" Probably impressed by the plaintiveness of the cry a woman stepped up and bought the posies. She had no sooner disappeared than he was at it again, only one bunch in sight. I saw him walk down the road and out of the park. Within the hour he was back again, with a new supply of balloons.—John A. Mulcahey, No. 2985 Washington Avenue, Bronx.